

A Thin Line Between

by Chibi-chan

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A Thin Line Between

A THIN LINE BETWEEN

originally written by Chibi-chan

revised by Clara

1 AM, Sunday, Son's House

She was sitting in her nice warm bed for an hour. She couldn't sleep, although she desperately wanted to, but it seemed virtually impossible, since her mind kept floating from the very thought of sleeping. Suddenly, her fingers reached up to touch her lips. Someone had just left a warm kiss there. Someone who's very special to her heart, but she kept denying it to herself. Until today, when she accidentally kissed him, and now regretted it. She cursed herself, bitterly denying the emotions that raged through her. Suddenly, she felt very tired and emotionally drained. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she was gladly floating into the dream world, forgetting about her problems for at least a moment.

9 AM, Monday, Son's House

"Paaaan, wake up!"

"Mom, PLEASE! I'm still sleepy!"

"There's a phone call! From Trunks!" All of a sudden, she was thrown out of her blissful area between sleep and wakefulness, forgetting she was supposed to be tired.

"Trunks?!"

"Here! I'll put the phone here! It's up to you, either you'll turn it off or pick it up."

Videl left her in a very tough situation. She couldn't make up her mind, either she'd pick it up or just turn it off. She grabbed the phone, and just stared at it. Her finger was just about to push the off button when she hesitantly decided to answer it.

"Moshi Moshi (hello)..."

"Pan? Iâ€|umm, Iâ€|.. am I bothering you?" the voice from the other side answered hesitantly. She noticed a slight stutter in his voice and smirked. Good.

As a matter of fact, yes you are bugging me.

But she didn't say that, instead...

"No, I...I just got up..."

"Gomen(sorry). Pan, could we meet? I wanna talk about something,"

"Talk about what?"

"You'll find out soon... well, could we?"

"Trunks, after what happened last night, I think it would be better if we don't see each other for a while, I mean..." Pan left the sentence hanging, not sure how to finish it.

"Doushita (what's wrong)? I'm not mad for what happened last night," Trunks said, a little bit of joy edging into his voice.

"Maybe you're not, but I am. I'm mad at myself, lookâ€|I justâ€|"

"But, please, just for a couple of minutes, I promise... please?" he begged. "I'll get down on my knees if you want..."

"Baka(silly), don't do that..." Again she trailed off. They were silent for a minute, until Pan gathered enough courage to speak again. "Trunks..."

"If you still saying that you can't, then I'm going to your house,"

"W-what?! Ok, ok, fine, we'll meet,â€| where?"

"It's up to you, I'll pick you up at your house, ok?" his voice had lightened considerably, and she couldn't help to imagine his smiling face.

She lowered her's...feeling a blush lighting it. After, she gave a soft "hai"(yes), she turned the phone off. She placed the phone back on its cradle and stared at it for a second before she headed outside of her room.

She went downstairs, barely noticing that her mom was in the kitchen. She walked over to the refrigerator and opened it. After staring at it for a second, she grabbed a can of soda and opened it. Her mom's eyes followed her, silently laughing.

"Why'd he call?" Videl asked, shocking Pan out of her own little world.

"Oh, nothing. He's going to pick me up," her voice sounded very weak, and she wanted to smack herself for acting so much like an idiot.

"Why don't you invite my future son-in-law over for dinner?"

Pan blinked and spat out her soda, just a little surprised at what her mother just asked her, and not to mention implied. Videl's gave her a wicked smile and winked suggestfully.

"Mom, please. I'm not in the mood for this," Pan cried, shocked at her mother's suggestion.

"But did I say something wrong?" Videl asked, wiggling her eyebrows, making Pan even more uncomfortable.

"Of course! Trunks and I are friends, that's all!
Please..."

"Hmmâ€|are you sure? You're often going out with him, " Videl cut in.

Pan didn't say another word, she wasn't quite in the mood to argue with her mother. She walked to the bathroom, muttering to herself about nosy mothers and insane thoughts.

As her mother watched her stomp off to the bathroom, she smirked.
"That girl has it bad..."

11 AM, Monday, Lake Eoraa Park

"The view is very beautiful, isn't it?" Trunks asked, desperately trying to break the silence.

She looked down and ignored him. Why was she here? Why did she agree to go on this? Best get it over with as fast as she could.

"Trunksâ€|just tell me what you want to talk about. I'm not quite in the mood."

Trunks shot a slightly surprised look at her. "Pan, what's wrong? This isn't like you, the one that I know is very cheerful everyday andâ€|"

"Trunks!" Pan cried exasperatedly, cutting off his crazy babble.

"Ok, ok, gomen nasaiâ€|last night I told Mom that I need a break from being the Capsule Corporation President..." he looked at her for a while. Seeing no reaction, he continued, a little hesitantly...kind of afraid of her reaction. "And mom said it's okay. She said that I

can have a vacation for a whole month!"

"â€|"

"Pan, hello? You hear me, or did you suddenly lose your ability to talk? Here...let me repeat that...maybe I'll speak louder this time...ok...here we go, now listen VERY CAREFULLY. I have a vacation for A WHOLE MONTH! Got that? Or do I need to repeat myself again?"

She gave a half smile, a smile that she actually didn't want to give. The smile remained on her lips for a second, then vanished. Trunks' attempts for humor were completely ignored.

"Congratulationsâ€|" she muttered.

" Well, then, I decided I want to go to Tenka Ichi Budokai, I mean...it's been a long time since I foughtâ€|" He looked at her again, and again, and again. Still no reaction. He waved his hand in front of her semi-blank eyes. "Riiiiiiight...so I decided to ask Mom if I can bring a friend. Mom agreed, and you know who that friend is gonna be?"

Pan shook 'no' her head weakly.

"YOU!"

Completely no reaction. Trunks sighed. Whether he liked it or not, this was going to take some convincing. Oh well, he had no regrets. He will get her. One way or another.

"Panâ€|you don't like it?" he asked, not quite feigning the hurt that was etched in his voice.

"â€|" The only answer he received was a blank stare from the girl he was rapidly falling for.

"Panâ€|" Trunks asked, waving his hand in front of her blank face.

"Hello? Anyone in there? Pan...did you just die on me?" He tapped her forehead, half expecting a hollow sound to come from her.

"Trunks, how could you act like there's nothing happened last night?"

Pan asked, when she finally woke up from her reverie. She shot a reproachful, and yet expecting glare at him, waiting for an answer that was better then "what?"

"Naniâ€|" She didn't get it.

"I meanâ€|I've been thinking all night about it, and...believe me, I lost much needed sleep thinking about it..." she didn't quite know what she was saying, or doing for that matter. She just wanted to get out of there...

"Pan, Iâ€"I'm okay for what happened last night, reallyâ€|"

"Maybe you're okay, but I'm _not_! Got that? I'm mad at myself and perhaps I'm mad at you too!" Pan shouted, venting out her anger and frustration on the only thing possible. The person who caused her anger and frustration.

"Ore (Me)?" Trunks said intelligently. He was not quite expecting that.

"Yes, for just accepting it instead of getting away from it! Doushite(why)? Trunks, doushite?" It seems that she could no longer hold her tears from streaming down her cheeks. She rubbed at the tears on her face.

"Well, Pan, it wasn't quite unintentional..." Trunks muttered. What was he saying? Was he just about to break their relationship over his selfish feelings? What is he doing? He mentally kicked himself.

"NANI!? Trunks, you mean you took advantage from me? YouARGH! I can't believe it! Please...tell me..."

"NO! I mean, it's because|because I had been waiting for that moment for a long time," Trunks stuttered, trying to explain the unexplainable. Oh man, was she pissed. He had a feeling that he may not leave

this park very happy...

"Since when?! Oh, my god! Dammit, Trunks! I'm not one of those girls that you can easily seduce! I'm s'pposed to be one of your best friends! Am I just one of those girls to you? I bet your happy now, you got to kiss me, just like all the other girls, that's what you think, right? I'm just one of those things that you can win... Well, congratulations! You've won! You got to kiss me!" More tears streamed down her face, and this time she made no effort to stop them. Who cares? Her best friend just betrayed her!

On lookers stared at them, wondering what was going on. Why was this couple fighting? And why did the girl look like she was ready to kill him, and the boy vaguely looking horrified?

"Iie, Iie, Pan! It's not like you think, I'm not like that!"

Trunks was beginning to panic. This was NOT going the way he planned.

"Then give me a better explanation!" Pan screamed, ignoring the people staring at them. Let them stare. This was more important.

"SUKI DAYO!" Trunks screamed at her. He was tired of her accusations, and didn't even realize what he just said.

"|"

Silence fell upon them as Pan stared in shock. Did she just hear what she just thought she heard? Oh boy. This just complicates it.

"That's the reason|now you know everything|" Trunks confessed

bitterly. Dammit, this is definitely _NOT_ going the way he planned. Dammit, dammit, DAMMIT!

Pan stared at him, shock written all over her face. "Trunks... Iâ€| I don't know what toâ€|"

"You don't have to say anything, I completely understand if you don't want to see me again. I just wanted it off my chest, ya know?" Trunks smiled bitterly. "I don't know for how long have I kept this secret, I guess since 3 years agoâ€| we had a huge age difference, that's why I kept denying myself, thatâ€|...that I love youâ€| I mean, I didn't want you to hate me or nothin'...you always just looked at me as the older brother you never had..."

He stopped for a minute and looked at her. He sighed and continued, letting his gaze fall to the ground. "I justâ€| look, Pan, maybe this is a little to soon but yâ€"you've made me to say it, I didn't have a choice, Iâ€|" He was interrupted by a surprised Pan.

"Trunksâ€| goâ€"gomen nasaiâ€|" Pan managed to stutter out. Needless to say, she was a bit surprised.

"No...no, it's not your fault, Iâ€|."

"Trunks, perhaps it would be better if we don't see each other for a whileâ€|," Pan cut him off. Yes, that was what she needed. Her nervous gaze flitted over the park, anywhere but on Trunks pained face. She couldn't bare to see his him anymore. She had the slight feeling she'd scream if she did. Dammit, dammit, DAMMIT! Why'd he have to go and put her in an awkward position like this? Her emotions decided it would be a perfect time to go on that little roller coaster in her...

He blinked in surprise. That wasn't quite what he wanted hear from her. " Pan, could you at least tell me what your feelingâ€|"

"No, Trunks-san, please! Iâ€"I'm confused, Iâ€|" She couldn't help it anymore, as tears fell swiftly down her already damp cheeks. Trunks was a little surprised the formal title she used on him. He leaned back on the bench. "Take your time," Trunks sighed, closing his eyes. "I've waited for three years, I can wait longer."

He was met by silence.

One hour later

"â€|"

"â€|.. you know, it's been an hour you've sat like that, and you haven't said a single word," Trunks said, trying to lighten up the tense silence that befell them.

"Justâ€|go awayâ€|" Pan finally answered.. She was sitting tensely on the bench while Trunks lazily sat by her, looking at the sky. He wouldn't be surprised if the clouds he were staring at traveled at least twice around the earth. He also wouldn't be surprised if the pigeons mistook them for a statue and decide to use them as a crapper. He shook his head at

her, not tearing his gaze from the clouds, which were right now more interesting than the girl sitting beside him. "No way," he said stubbornly.

"I'm not going anywhere until I get an answer from you, all though that might be like expecting a rock to speak..."

"Trunksâ€¦ what kind of answer do you want from me?"

"I thought you would know. Okay, let me put this simply and in a language you might understand. Me want truth!"

"Trunksâ€¦" she couldn't believe he was joking at a time like this!

Right now her feelings were in a torture chamber and Trunks was just smiling and waiting for the answer?! For some reason, that didn't comfort her.

"It to hard for you? I try make easier. I say "I love you" Now you say "I love you too" I make easier...true?"

"â€¦ ERRR! This man! A slow rage began to boil in her.

"Pan, what makes it so hard?" he said, serious again. "Tell me, why is it so hard? I mean, just tell me how you feel. If you don't love me, then you just say, "I don't love you", but if you love me, then say, " I love you." It's simple, right? All you have to do is use your vocal cords...they still work, right? Of course they do, or else you wouldn't be able to yell at

me, ne? Just answer the dumb question..."

"You want an answer, Trunks? I'll give you an answer, I HATE YOU! There's the answer, now, go away!" Pan shouted, wiping the smile off his face.

"â€¦" Trunks just stared at her, not moving a muscle.. They continued to stare at each other...well, actually, one was glaring and the other was blinking in slight confusion.

"What are you still doing here?!" Pan snarled. He just smiled at her.

"That's not an answer," Trunks said smugly.

"What do you mean it's not anâ€¦" Pan screeched until Trunks slammed a hand over her mouth. She glared reproachfully at him. How dare he?!

"You hate me, but that doesn't mean you don't love meâ€¦ Pan, I need a straight answerâ€¦" Trunks trailed off, still annoyed by the screech that echoed in his ears. Man! Girls can be annoying sometimes. When he was sure that she was safe to let go, Trunks carefully removed his hand.

It wasn't safe enough. "Oh, my god! Trunks, look! If you don't want to go, I'll go!" Pan cried. Why her?! Why did he have to choose her?

Why not one of those harmless blond bimbos who weren't smart enough to feel pain?!

In less than a second, she flew off, leaving behind a surprised and hurt Trunks.

1:00 pm, Monday, 21-4-xxxx, Kame House

It had been a week since that day, and for a week, Trunks and Pan never saw each other again, until the fateful day at Kame House.

Trunks had been sitting there when he felt a familiar ki. He twisted around and he found himself staring at a very familiar figure.

"Goten! Why are you late?" Trunks cried at his best friend since as long as he could remember.

"I had to argue with my wife first!" Goten laughed happily, falling into his usually silly self.

Trunks laughed at his friend, still unable to believe that his best friend could actually be married. This was Goten, who could barely stay interested with just one girl for a week! Unbelievable.

"So, what's going on?" Goten asked. Trunks stood up and they shook hands.

"Beats me," Trunks shrugged and looked thoughtful. "Piccolo hasn't really told us what this is all about."

"Well, let's go inside," Goten said.

"Yeah, come on!"

They walked a couple of feet until they reached Kame House's door.

"Konichi wa, everybody!" Goten cried, waving cheerfully at everyone.

"Goten! You finally arrived!" yelled Gohan.

"Good, so shut up so we can start this damn meeting," Vegeta snarled.

It was obvious that he couldn't hold his patience any longer.

"Piccolo, tell us what this is all about," Kuririn demanded. It was obvious that he was tired of waiting too.

"Okayâ€|yesterday while I was meditating, Dende asked me if I could talk with him for a second. He said that he just got some bad news from Kaioo-shinâ€|"

While everybody was listening to Piccolo attentively, Trunks' eyes scanned the room for a figure that he was anxious to see. He found that figure, but he hurriedly looked down when Pan and his eyes

meet.

"â€| and he saidâ€| "

"Piccolo, what did he say?" asked an anxious Gohan.

"He said in twenty years, there is going to be a very strong enemy, and whatever that is, that thing definitely wants to destroy the earth!" Piccolo finished in one breath.

"NANI?!" Everyone cried in one voice.

Everybody stood in a shocked silence.

"Oh, my god! Another enemy? After years, earth in peace?" Videl voiced everyone's thoughts. Her voice was filled with anger and unhappiness. There hard worked for peace was about to be ruinedâ€"again.

Actually, everybody felt the pain and anger of the thought of losing their peace, except for Vegeta (of courseâ€|), he just smiled and leaned against the wall with his arms crossed and a smug look on his face. But he's not the only one who's getting excited. He just didn't voice his emotions (predictably...).

"Wow! Trunks, you heard that? A monster going to try to destroy earth!" Goten cried, excitement radiating off his features.

"Sugooii!" Trunks cheered, punching the air excitedly.

"Don't get excited so fast, Goten! This enemy is extremely strong and I highly doubt we can defeat them!"

"How can you tell, Piccolo?" Yamcha's wondered out loud.

"Dende had told me to close my eyes. He explained that Kaioo-shin will give me a vision of the future, and you know what's it like? It's hell, we're all going to die one by one, slowly and painfullyâ€|"

"Just the like when Mirai Trunks told us there's going to be two cyborgs, but we could still defeat them," Vegeta grunted. He had a strong feeling that he was being underestimated. Unfortunately, not everyone agreed with his statement.

"Yeah, after all we got twenty years, don't we?" Goten asked.

"Don't you think twenty years is a long time? If we train for twenty years we'll get old and we'll lose our energy before the fight, trust me. This time the enemy is very strong."

"So, what do you suggest?" asked Trunks, feeling slightly confused.

If there was nothing they could do, what was Piccolo suggesting?

"Kaioo-shin said there's only one solution for thisâ€|" Piccolo trailed off, not sure how he was supposed to say this lightly. Aww,

hell...

"What solution?" Gohan asked. His eyes widened.

"We have to make an Ultra Super Saiya-jin," Piccolo muttered quietly.

He really didn't want to be the one telling this.

"Nani?!" again the group chorused. Everyone stared at the uncomfortable Namek.

"There's an ultra super saiya-jin?" Kuririn asked in surprise. How could that be? Only Vegeta and Goku were full-blooded Saiya-jin's and they weren't Ultra Super Saiya-jin's. The only way to make one was to... His eyes

widened. No way! They were not going to clone Vegeta and Goku! He did not want hundreds of Vegeta's running around! One was way more than enough!

"Honto? How?" asked Goten, interested. He had not quite caught on.

"Huh, I guess in twenty years, I could reach that level," Vegeta snorted. Of course he could...right? For once, the Prince of Saiya-jin's had doubt.

"No, Vegeta, what I meant is that someone has to give a birth to this ultra super saiya-jin," Piccolo said impatiently. He was tired of the over-patient Prince and didn't mind showing it. Unnoticed by everyone else, Kuririn let out a quiet sigh of relief.

"Piccolo, what do you mean?" Bulma asked, only succeeding to become more confused.

"Kaioo-shin said if a half saiya-jin inter-breeded with another half saiya-jin, they could have the greatest warrior of all time.

"So, you meanâ€|" Yamcha trailed off, unable to finish his sentence..

"Oh, my god! Do you want Bra and Goten to get married?" yelled Bulma. She couldn't quite accept it.

"But, Iâ€|Iâ€|" Goten stuttered. He couldn't do that! He had a wife!

"Goten, I know you're already had a wife," Piccolo voiced his thoughts. That's why it leaves us one choiceâ€|"

"What do you mean, Piccolo?" Bra asked. She really didn't mind the thought of being with Goten...but he was already happily married. She couldn't do that!

Piccolo stared at two figures, as if they solved the problem of what was beyond the universe. Everyone followed the stare and gasped. The stare lead to two _very familiar_ figures.

Pan realized it first that everyone was staring at her and someone

else. She followed everyone's eyes to the other person. And gasped.

"Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no! NO!"

"Demo, Pan, dooshita? You two are going to make a perfect couple!" Kuririn said, flashing her a wicked smile.

"Nani? No, no, it's wait, I'm a quarter saiya-jin, it won't work!" Pan cried, happy that she found a loop hole in the plan.

Happy? You're happy, all right, cuz that gives you a chance with Trunks A voice whispered in her mind. Pan started to panic. NO! That's not true! *Yes it is...quit denying it...*

"About that... I already asked Kaioo-shin and he said 'It's okay, as long as she has Saiya-jin blood in her'...so... "

"But...but...I..." Pan cried, panicking.

Pan's eyes searched for Trunks. And, when she found him...

"Trunks! Back me up, here!" she cried desperately. Her eyes widened when she saw that he was hesitant.

Trunks blinked in surprise. "I...I..." he stuttered.

"Trunks..." disappointment echoed in her voice.

"Trunks! Will you or will you not marry my daughter?" asked Gohan.

He didn't quite agree with the situation his only daughter was in.

"I-if Pan doesn't want to, then I won't!" Trunks cried out. There was hurt in his voice that he tried unsuccessfully to hide.

"If she changes her mind?" Gohan asked, staring at the younger boy who was like his younger brother.

Trunks' eyes widened. How come I gotta be put in this situation?! He wanted to shout. But that wouldn't settle too well with his mom _or_ dad. He sighed.

"I...I...I...well, what the hell am I supposed to say?! What do you want to hear from me?!" Trunks cried angrily. Leave it to them to dump the situation on him. Ask her, dammit!

Without warning, Pan ran off. She ran outside and stumbled to her knee's. Choking back a sob, she scrambled back to her feet, her vision blurry with tears. A single tear slipped down her cheek while she shot off, not paying attention to the direction she was going.

"Pan..." Trunks muttered softly while everyone watched in silence. They had a feeling that they had missed something vital there.

"Go after her..." Gohan said softly, touching Trunks' shoulder.

"This has to be settled. Now."

"Hai!" Trunks said, nodding slightly.

He searched for her ki for a minute. When he finally spotted it, he smiled bitterly and shot after her.

Eoraa Waterfall

"Figured you'd be here..." Trunks said, startling her and almost making her fall into the lake.

"Baka! What the hell are you doing here?" Pan cried, looking ready to punch him. He just smirked. His voice grew serious again as he asked his next question.

"Pan, why did you run off like that?" he asked bitterly. It hurt him that she hated him so much that she was that revolted to even think about marrying him.

"..." Pan just stared at the waterfall, loosing herself in her thoughts.

"Do you really hate me that much?" Trunks asked bitterly, not quite sure that he wanted to hear her answer.

She tossed a rock in the lake. "Iie..." she muttered.

"Then why?" Trunks asked, hope echoing in his voice. Maybe he had a chance...

"Wa...watashiwa..." Pan answered, still looking at the lake. She caught herself staring at his hopeful expression, and found herself unable to drag her gaze away. He's so handsome...

"You're what?" Trunks asked, confused. He stared at the back of her head.

"I'm confused..." Pan muttered, throwing another stone, this time at his expression, which was smirking a little. The reflection shatter as ripples broke through it. Trunks smiled. A little bit of dÃ©jÃ vu here?

"Dooshita?" Trunks asked. I'm confused too...we're all confused! Look at Goten, he was born confused!"

"I'm confused because you're attitude..." Pan said, ignoring the last bit, even if it was a bit funny.

"My attitude?" Trunks repeated, startled.

"Trunks, what will you do, if I really change my mind?" Pan asked, staring at the confused reflection of her best friend in the lake.

"Then I'll marry you..." Trunks said, without a second thought or hesitation.

"What if I do marry you, but without love..." Pan asked, dipping her

toe in the lake. She had discarded her shoes to the side when she had arrived there.

"Then I'll try as hard as I can to make you love me," Trunks said confidently.

Pan smiled and immediately covered her mouth. However, she wasn't fast enough and he caught the smile. Not only that, but her eyes were dancing with merriment.

"Pan?" Trunks cried in disbelief. "You...you're smiling? You're smiling!"

"Baka! So what..." Pan said. Laughter echoed in her voice and she tried desperately to hide it.

"Yatta! It means you don't hate me!" Trunks cried cheerfully. He jumped up and did a little dance that made him look positively goofy. Not to mention adorable.

"Baka!" Pan repeated, forcing her voice to be stern. But Trunks heard a slight crack in it and his grin grew. "Who says I don't? I still hate you..."

"No, you don't..." Trunks said, coming around her and poking her nose. He could barely contain his excitement. Pan blinked at him then made a face.

"Why are you so stubborn? I said I still hate you!" Pan shouted, jumping up and nearly knocking him into the lake. He regained his balance before he did, though.

"No, you don't! You love me!" Trunks said stubbornly and crossed his arms. A smirk was playing across his face, making him look remarkably like Vegeta. Also making him look terribly attractive.

"..." Pan looked down and avoided his gaze.

"I am right, aren't I?" Trunks asked, still looking as smug as his royal father.

Pan shot an angry glance at him and crossed his own arms. She herself managed to imitate Vegeta in the position she was standing in.

"What's wrong?" Trunks asked, slightly losing his smirk.

"I just hate it when you're right..." Pan pouted, avoiding his face. He sighed. He's been getting that a lot this past month. Suddenly, the meaning sunk into his brain and his mouth dropped open.

"Pa...Pan...you..you really mean it?" Trunks asked, shocked, elated, excited and ecstatic all at once. Not to mention afraid.

"The problem is that there's a line between love and hate, and until a couple of minutes ago I still couldn't figure how thin or thick it is..." Pan said, a slight blush tinting her cheeks.

"Now...?" Trunks asked hopefully.

"Now, I can figure it out," Pan muttered thoughtfully.

"Is it thin or is it thick?" Trunks asked.

"It's very thin, almost invisible..."

Suddenly, their eyes met. Trunks dipped his head closer to hers. He stared longingly into her eyes. Those eyes...those eyes that encaptured him three years ago. Those eyes that were so bright, deep, and enthralling. His lips were set in a thin line as he edged his face closer to hers. He brought one of his hands up to her cheek and gently stroked it. Their lips were so close and his eyes had dropped so that they were almost closed. Pan's eye's were also almost closed as she stared at him through her eyelashes. They were only an inch away when suddenly Pan said something, breaking the mood.

"Trunks, what are you doing?" she whispered in a breathless.

"What do you think I'm doing?" he's asking, and also whispering.

He tried to close the small distance between them, when suddenly Pan pulled her body away from him and gently tapped him, making him fall in the lake. He sputtered and blinked at her.

Pan burst out laughing as she ran away. "Catch me first, Mr. President!"

"Oh, you want me to play a game, huh?" Trunks asked, leaping up. He shook himself off and glared mockingly at her. He chased her all over the place, acting like two 4 years-old kids. He's swept closer to her, and finally grabbed her hand. He pulled her body next to his and threw his arms around her waist, hugging her close.

"Well...I caught you," he panted. "Can I kiss you now?"

"I'm all yours, Trunks Briefs Vegeta-san," Pan smirked, wrapping her arms around his neck.

He smirked at her and they leaned toward her. This time he successfully put his lips upon hers. Warmth spread through each of their bodies and Pan sighed dreamily behind his lips.

"Ohh...we're going to have the greatest warriors of all time..." Trunks said. "Not to mention plenty great warriors."

"Pervert," she said, smacking him playfully. Suddenly, she blinked, realizing what he just said. "Trunks, what do you mean 'warriors'?"

"What?!"

"We're going to have 'A' great warrior not great warrior's'..." Pan said.

"You mean we'll only have one child?" Trunks asked in disbelief.

"Yes, have a problem with that?" Pan asked. She did not want too many kids. Who knew what it would do to her body?!

"But, the house will be quiet...if we only have one child," Trunks said suggestfully.

"So what? I do not want to go through being a fat woman for 9 months for each baby. Who knows, I may not be able to lose that weight!" Pan cried.

"But, honey...I don't care! I want to have a lot of boys and girls!" Trunks whined, making a face like a wounded puppy.

"Then, why don't you be the mother!" Pan shot back. Like she said, she was not one of those easily manipulated blond bimbos who thought of nothing other than looks, men and sex.

"I don't want to be a mother!" Trunks yelled. Now that was a scary thought. He shook his head, trying to rid himself of the image of him nine months pregnant wearing an apron and shaking a wooden spoon. That wasn't comforting, either.

"I hate you!" Pan shouted, struggling in his grasp and shaking him out of his own little dream.

"You know what?" Trunks asked, smirking.

"What?!" Pan asked, stopping her struggle long enough to freeze him with an icy glare.

"I hate you too!"

"Then we're even!" Pan shouted, a little miffed.

"But..."

And so it went on, and on, and on, and on.

Well, maybe there is a thin line between love and hate, and it is so thin...just like what Pan said... almost invisible...

THE END

End
file.